

John Farnham, Sadie

Sadie, the cleaning lady
With trusty scrubbing brush and pale of water
Worked her fingers to the bone, for the life she had at home
Providing at the same time for her daughter

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady
Her aching knees not getting any younger
Well her red detergent hands, have for years not held a man's
And time would find her heart in spite of hunger

Scrub your floors, do your chores, dear old Sadie
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady
Can't afford to get bored dear old Sadie
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady
Her female mind would find a way of trapping
Though as gentle as a lamb, Sam the elevator man
So she could spend the night by TV, napping

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady
Her aching knees not getting any younger
Well her red detergent hands, have for years not held a man's
And time would find her heart in spite of hunger

Ahh, scrub your floors, do your chores, dear old Sadie
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady
Can't afford to get bored dear old Sadie
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady

Ahh Sadie, the cleaning lady
Her Sam was what she got, hook, line and sinker
To her sorrow and dismay, she's still working to this day
Her Sam turned out to be a nervous figure

Ahh, scrub your floors, do your chores, dear old Sadie
Looks as though you'll always be a cleaning lady
Can't afford to get bored dear old Sadie (fade)